The Mirror

OF

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STATUE OF SCHILLER

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THE inauguration of this memorial of regard for that splendid poet, Schiller, took place on the 8th day of May last, at Stuttgart.

The solemnity drew together a great concourse of strangers, among whom were the Poet's two sons, and upwards of forty societies of vocalists, from Wurtemberg and Baden, and some from Zurich, Bern, and Graübunden, amounting to upwards of fifteen hundred persons. These, accompanied by the city authorities, went in procession, with music and flags, to the spot where the statue is placed; and the ceremony commenced with the performance of a cantata, written by Morike, and composed by Lindpainter; during the last strophe of which, the mantle which covered the statue was unveiled with great solemnity, in the presence of the numerous assemblage of artists, literary men, and distinguished strangers. From the steps of the monument, Gustav Schwab delivered an eloquent speech to the assembled multitude: a hymn was then sung by all the vocalists present; and the statue was formally delivered, in a short address by Aulic Councillor Von Reinbeck, (as President of the Society, by whose efforts the subscription was set on foot, and the work accomplished,) to the city authorities, who engaged to protect and preserve it for ever.

It stands in the open space before the palace of his Royal Highness Prince Frederick, which will henceforth be called Schiller's Place.

The monument, which has been executed by Stighmaier, of Munich, after a model by Thorwaldsen, is altogether about thirty-four feet high; and the bronze statue itself near fourteen feet.

MEMOIR OF SCHILLER.

Frederick Schiller was a son of a major in the Bavarian army, and born the 10th of November, 1789, at Marbach, a little town in Wurtemberg. Having received a good education in his father's house, he afterwards frequented the karl-schule in Stuttgart, (an institution founded by the then reigning Duke, which kept the medium betwixt a German gymnasium and an university,) in order to study the medical science. He displayed, early in life, superior talents, and was distinguished for great ardour of imagination. A fondness for solitary contemplation, and for witnessing the grandeur of the operations of Nature, as exhibited in storms and tempests, seems, even at this period of his life, to have discovered the future and peculiar bent of his genius. While at the Karl-schule, the works of Shakspeare, Goëthe, Klopstock, and Lessing, continued to occupy all his attention, to the exclusion of the materia medica; and it was while in this seminary Schiller imagined the plan of his famous tragedy, "The Robbers," and wrote the greater part of it clandestinely. After having finished his course of studies, he entered the service of the Duke as regimental surgeon, and completed his tragedy, which he got printed; but, being threatened with the fate which poor Schubarth had suffered, (a ten years' imprisonment on the Hohen-Asberg, for some indiscreet verses,) he resolved to fly, and leave his country till better days should come. The reputation he acquired by this play, wild and extravagant as it is, and displaying, according to Madame de Staël, much of the "intoxication of genius," induced the proprietors of the Mannheim Theatre to offer him the post of dramatic composer. "Fiesco," and "Cabal and Love," succeeded "The Robbers;" and, shortly after, appeared his translation of "Macbeth." He now commenced his tragedy of "Don Carlos," and "The Philosophical Letters." On the termination of the Mannheim engagement, he retired to Leipsic, where he produced "A History of the Middle and Later Ages." He removed to Weimer in 1787, and became acquainted with Wieland, Herder, and Goëthe. The late Grand Duke, eager to protect distinguished men, conferred upon him a professorship at the University of Jena, which post he occupied from the year 1789 to 1799, with the greatest credit to himself; but his health obliged him to relinquish it. Shortly afterwards he married a woman of family and fortune, who is said to have fallen in love with him through his writings, and to have sent him a matrimonial challenge, which he accepted. He commenced, at Weimer, his "History of the Thirty Years' War," which appeared in 1791. In the course of the same year he underwent a severe pulmonary attack, from which he never entirely recovered; and although he experienced a partial and temporary restoration, during which he composed "Wallenstein," the most elaborate and splendid of his dramas, he was carried off by a relapse on the 9th of May, 1805; having lived too short a life for the friends who adored him, and for Germany, who considered him as one of her first poets, and the reformer, nay, the creator, of German tragedy.

Besides the works above enumerated, Schiller wrote a singular romance, entitled "The Ghost Seer," which displayed his peculiar turn of mind as much as his other productions. In his earlier dramatic productions, the brilliancy of his genius concealed its extravagance; and, to the last, he went to the extreme of the taste of his country for high-wrought representations of passion, to the violation of nature and probability; to support which violation, an ingenious theory has, in the mean time, been expressly adopted.

Schiller was made a citizen of France without his solicitation; as, also, a German noble, but he never adopted the title of baron.

In his private character, Schiller was friendly, candid, and sincere; but, in youth, he affected eccentricity in his manners and appearance, and a degree of singularity seems always to have appertained to him.

THE WIDOW OF NAIM.

"Now, when he came nigh to the gate of the city, behold there was a dead man carried out, the only son of his mother, and she was a widow; and much people of the city was with her."—*St. Luke*, vii., 12.

A WIDOW came from out Naim's gate,
A lonely heart most desolate;
Her fondly-loved, her only son,
Her dearest stay in life was gone;
And she with heavy footsteps came,
A stricken melancholy dame,
To bury him she loved so well,—
A mother's feelings who can tell?

A mother! what a word of love!
What tender feelings does it move!
What thoughts of childhood's early years,
Its little griefs, its hopes, and fears:
The boy become the riper man,
And for himself the race began;
Too soon, alas! the world will prove
Inferior to a mother's love.

The city dwellers came to show
Their pity for the widow's woe;
Sorrow and grief pervaded all
Who followed in the funeral;
A meek and lowly throng they went,
And interest to the scene was lent,
By knowledge of the widow left,
Of every earthly tie bereft.

Why paused they in their solemn pace,
A deep devotion on each face?
A Man, a Holy Man, came near,
And stood beside the mournful bier.
Comfort the words of God impart
To the poor woman's humble heart;
For Jesus came, and found her there,
Weeping in anguish and despair.

"Weep not," these words the Saviour said,
And on the bier his hand he laid;
"Arise!" before the wondering band
The youth obeyed the High command.
In close embrace the widow prest
The loved one to her aching breast,
Then was her heart o'erfraught with joy,
To hear the accents of her boy.

"God has been with us," was the cry
Of that assembled company:
Each heart was filled with love and fear,
And all confessed the Godhead near.
The widow's tears, her sadness gone,
She felt not upon earth alone.
With fervent prayer and humble mind,
To every will of God's resigned.

Sera.

A SON TO HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

WRITTEN BY ANDREW PARK.

Author of Blindness, a Poem, &c. &c. &c.

(*For the Mirror.*)

Tis the semblance of one whom I ought to love dearest—
The nurse of my childhood, the guide of my ways;
Who still among loved ones, yet loves the sincerest,
Nor asks in return neither payment nor praise!
Yes! well has the artist pourtrayed every feature,—
She breathes on the canvass, she lives in the frame;—
Dear art! thou has left me a copy of nature;—
My Mother—what magic encircles that name!

She may die, be removed from this world of sorrow,
And eyes may forget what her likeness hath been;
But here shall she live in an endless to-morrow,
And here shall her semblance for ever be seen!
Those arms that have clasped me, those lips that have
kiss'd me;
Those eyes still the dwelling of kindness and love,
Shall silently look as in life they have blest me,
Long after the spirit has wander'd above!

Now sacred to memory, to love, and to duty,
Embalmed to the living, though lost to the dead;
Those features alone are the essence of beauty,
Which smiled when we smiled, and shed tears when
we shed!
This tribute thy sons to thy goodness have given,—
Indebted for favours, endearment, and birth,
And when thou receivest thy welcome to heaven—
Their sighs, their affection, shall waft thee from
earth!

REMARKABLE DREAMS.

(*Continued from page* 324, *vol.* 33.)

Cases of dreams are on record, which are not referrible to any of the classes which have been mentioned; and which do not admit of explanation, on any principle which we are able to trace.

The accuracy of the following may be relied on (says Dr. Abercrombie), in all its particulars. Two ladies, sisters, had been for several days in attendance upon their brother, who was ill of a common sore throat;—severe, and protracted; but not considered as attended with danger. At the same time, one of them had borrowed a watch from a female friend;—in consequence of her own being under repair. This watch was one to which particular value was attached, on account of family associations; and some anxiety was expressed that it might not meet with any injury. The sisters were sleeping together, in a room communicating with that of their brother, when the elder of them awoke in a state of great agitation; and having aroused the other, told her that she had had a frightful dream. "I dreamt," she said, "that Mary's watch stopped;—and that, when I told you of the circumstance, you replied,—'Much worse than that has happened, for ——'s breath has stopped also!'"—naming their brother who was ill. To quiet her agitation, the younger sister immediately got up, and found the brother sleeping quietly; and the watch, which had been carefully put by in a drawer, going correctly. The following night the very same dream occurred, followed by similar agitation, which was again composed in the same manner;—the brother being again found in a quiet sleep, and the watch going well. On the following morning, soon after the family had breakfasted, one of the sisters was sitting by her brother, while the other was writing a note in the adjoining room. When her note was ready for being sealed, she was proceeding to take out for this purpose the watch alluded to, which had been put by in her writing-desk, when she was astonished to find it had stopped; and, at the same instant, she heard a scream of intense distress from her sister in the other room. Their brother, who had still been considered as going on favourably, had been seized with a sudden fit of suffocation, and had just breathed his last.

Many examples have been related of dreams which gave warning of events that were taking place at the time, or that took place soon afterwards; but they are certainly to

be received with great caution. The following instances, Dr. Abercrombie states as perfectly authentic; having received them from most respectable, and intelligent individuals, to whom they occurred. A gentleman of Scotland was residing in Italy, when he dreamt that he was standing on a bridge near his property in Scotland, and saw preparations for a funeral, and a servant riding by him in great haste, whom he recognised as wearing the livery of a neighbouring proprietor. He mentioned his dream to a friend who was with him; and expressed his fears that something had occurred in the family of his neighbour; but was only laughed at for his apprehension. In due time, however, he learned that the wife of the gentleman whom he had named, had died at the time when the dream occurred to him; and it may be right to state, that she was a young woman previously in good health; and died of a short illness after her accouchement.

Many years ago, there was mentioned in several of the newspapers a dream, which gave notice of the murder of Mr. Percival. Through the kindness of an eminent medical friend in England (says Dr. Abercrombie), I have received the authentic particulars of this remarkable case, from the gentleman to whom the dream occurred. He resides in Cornwall, and eight days before the murder was committed, dreamt that he was in the lobby of the House of Commons, and saw a small man enter, dressed in a blue coat and white waistcoat. Immediately afterward he saw a man, dressed in a brown coat with yellow basket metal buttons, draw a pistol from under his coat, and discharge it at the former, who instantly fell;—the blood issuing from a wound a little below the left breast. He saw the murderer seized by some gentlemen who were present, and observed his countenance; and on asking who the gentleman was who had been shot, was told it was the chancellor. He then awoke, and mentioned the dream to his wife, who made light of it; but in the course of the night the dream occurred three times, without the least variation in any of the circumstances. He was now so much impressed by it, that he felt much inclined to give notice to Mr. Percival; but was dissuaded by some friends whom he consulted, who assured him he would only get himself treated as a fanatic. On the evening of the eighth day afterwards he received the account of the murder. Being in London, a short time afterward, he found in the print-shops a representation of the scene; and recognised in it the countenances and dress of the parties, the blood on Mr. Percival's waistcoat, and the peculiar yellow basket-buttons on Bellingham's coat; precisely as he had seen them in his dream.

The gentleman to whom Dr. Abercrombie was indebted for the following case, was born in Madras; and was brought thence at the age of three years, to be educated in England; where he grew up without the least recollection of anything relating to Madras, or to his parents who remained in India. At the age of fourteen, he dreamt that he saw his mother sitting in the dress of a widow, and apparently in deep distress. He gave a distinct account of the apartment in which he saw her, with the position of various prominent articles of furniture, which he described minutely. It afterwards turned out, that his father died about the time of his dream; and that he had correctly described the drawing-room in the house at Madras, in which his mother was in the habit of sitting. This last feature of the case, I think, we may fairly consider as a revival of an old impression respecting the drawing-room; though it had long ceased to be an object of memory. Of the other part I do not attempt an explanation.

N. R.

POWER AND RANK OF CONSORTS OF QUEENS OF ENGLAND.*

THE questions asked by everybody are—"What is the queen's husband? his rank—his power—his revenue?" These inquiries are easily answered: he has no rank except what his wife may give him—no constitutional power whatever—and his revenue depends on the liberality of Parliament.

No person in England has ever stood in exactly the same situation as Queen Victoria's husband. Even if the state of this country and of society were like that of the twelfth century, Geoffrey of Anjou, husband of Maud, the only surviving child of Henry I., was very differently situated. On the death of Henry I., the throne was usurped by his nephew Stephen; and all that Maud could do was to secure the succession for her son, Henry II. The next instance was that of Lord Guildford Dudley, husband of Lady Jane Grey; but Jane was an usurper, and as her reign lasted only eleven days, nothing was done respecting the consort—who was, however, styled "King" by foreigners.

The case of Queen Mary resembles that of Queen Victoria, inasmuch as she was married after her accession; but it is dissimilar in every other respect. It was provided by the treaty for her alliance with Philip, and confirmed by Parliament, that on the celebration of their nuptials he should "during their marriage enjoy jointly with the queen the kingly name of the realm and dominions unto the queen appertaining, and should aid her highness, being his wife, in the happy administration of her realms and dominions." Philip was thus legally King of England; and as there is no fear of that precedent being followed, his status was altogether different from that of Prince Albert.

King William and Queen Mary do not

* From an admirable paper in "The Spectator," Nov. 23, 1839.

come within the present category; for their title to the crown was the will of the nation, which had set aside the regular order of succession in their favour; and they ascended the throne as joint sovereigns, the exercise of the royal power being vested in William.

The instance most in point is that of Prince George, consort of Queen Anne; but Anne was married long before her accession, and the prince had been created Duke of Cumberland, and a Knight of the Garter, by King William. There was, however, a strong probability of Anne's succeeding, and she was heiress presumptive; so that Prince George's position was like that of Prince Leopold on his marriage with the Princess Charlotte The point that bears on the present question is, therefore, what was Prince George's position after Queen Anne's accession? All that appears on the subject in Bishop Burnet's History, is, that the prince was appointed Lord High Admiral, and that 100,000*l.* a-year was granted to him in case he survived the queen: but that extravagant grant is explained by the great improbability of its ever being paid, in consequence of the Prince's ill state of health; and dying before her, he never enjoyed it.

Of so little consideration in the eye of the Constitution is the consort of the Queen Regnant, that he is not known to the Law; and the little that Blackstone says about such a personage shows his insignificance: "The husband of a Queen Regnant, as Prince George of Denmark was to Queen Anne, is her subject, and may be guilty of high treason against her;" and he adds a line about the impunity attending his "conjugal infidelity," which cannot possibly interest Prince Albert.

All that can be said of the husband of the queen may therefore be comprised in a few words. Politically, he can *ostensibly* be nothing; though *privately* he may be almost every thing.

WINE, AND WATER.

(*For the Mirror*)

It was autumn; and a vine, with the rich purple fruit peeping through its dark foliage, overhung a rocky bank near the margin of a deep and rapid river; the blue stream ran on with a low murmur, as of one in deep and solemn communion with himself, while the bright clusters of its neighbour smiled upon it, as the face of a child seeking to interpret the countenance of a revered parent. Nor was it long unnoticed; for the stream, awakened from its reverie by a wanton breeze, looked up, and thus addressed it:—"Thou art watching me, thou idler, with thy joyous glances; and I could love to gaze on thy gladsomeness, ere the rude vine-dresser snatch thee from my sight, and the winter find me lonely and deserted, did I not know the use to which man will put thee, making thee the minister of his most sensual appetites, and the pander to his vilest passions; and when I reflect on thy fate, I mourn that such as thou shouldst be a curse to mankind, diffusing evil and wretchedness, where I would have imparted virtue and comfort."—"My Father!" said the vine deprecatingly, "if fools have made me their enemy, by using wastefully stores intended only for the wise, am I to blame—have I not cheered the spirit of the fainting, opened the heart of the churlish, inspired the brave with fresh courage, and the poet with new fire—whilst thou givest neither strength to bear, nor resolution to overcome, the trials and difficulties of life." "And who has been the wiser or the better for the momentary impulses thou hast imparted to the souls of men," answered the stream; "is not thy companionship followed with melancholy and bitterness. No; there is health and peace in the draft which I furnish, while poison and death lurk in thy invidious cup." The vine, indignant, would have answered warmly, had not a horseman, weary and faint with travel, made his appearance, and dismounting, climbed the bank, and gathering a cluster of the grape, moistened his parched lips, and felt new hope and vigour diffused through his veins. His steed, no less thirsty, rushed with a neigh of gladness to the river, but drinking too eagerly of the refreshing waters, he missed his footing, and in spite of his efforts, sunk in the depths of the stream. It is rather timely moderation in the abstinence *from* the use of the blessings of Providence, that marks the man of wisdom and discretion. Bibo.

THE FORSAKEN BOY.

A solitary lodge stood on the banks of a remote lake. It was near the hour of sunset. Silence reigned within and without. Not a sound was heard but the low breathing of the dying inmate, and head of this poor family. His wife and three children surrounded his bed. Two of the latter were almost grown up; the other was a mere child. All their simple skill in medicine had been exhausted to no effect. They moved about the lodge in whispers, and were waiting the departure of the spirit. As one of the last acts of kindness, the skin door of the lodge had been thrown back to admit the fresh air. The poor man felt a momentary return of strength, and, raising himself a little, addressed his family.

"I leave you in a world of care, in which it has required all my strength and skill to supply you food, and protect you from the storms and cold of a severe climate. For you, my partner in life, I have less sorrow in parting, because I am persuaded you will not remain long behind me, and will, therefore, find the period of your sufferings shortened. But you, my children! my poor and forsaken children, you have just commenced the career

of life, who will protect you from its evils! Listen to my words! Unkindness, ingratitude, and every wickedness, is in the scene before you. It is for this cause that, years ago, I withdrew from my kindred and my tribe, to spend my days in this lonely spot. I have contented myself with the company of your mother and yourselves during seasons of very frequent scarcity and want, while your kindred, feasting in a scene where food is plenty, have caused the forests to echo with the shouts of successful war. I gave up these things for the enjoyment of peace. I wished to shield you from the bad examples you would inevitably have followed. I have seen you, thus far, grow up in innocence. If we have sometimes suffered bodily want, we have escaped pain of mind. We have been kept from scenes of rioting and bloodshed.

"My career is now at its close. I will shut my eyes in peace, if you, my children, will promise me to cherish each other. Let not your mother suffer during the few days that are left to her; and I charge you, on no account, to forsake your youngest brother. Of him, I give you both my dying charge to take a tender care." He sank exhausted on his pallet. The family waited a moment, as if expecting to hear something farther; but, when they came to his side, the spirit had taken its flight.

The mother and daughter gave vent to their feelings in lamentations. The elder son witnessed the scene in silence. He soon exerted himself to supply, with the bow and net, his father's place. Time, however, wore away heavily. Five moons had filled and waned, and the sixth was near it's full, when the mother also died. In her last moments she pressed the fulfilment of their promise to their father, which the children readily renewed, because they were yet free from selfish motives.

The winter passed; and the spring, with its enlivening effects in a northern hemisphere, cheered the drooping spirits of the bereft little family. The girl, being the eldest, dictated to her brothers, and seemed to feel a tender and sisterly affection for the youngest, who was rather sickly and delicate. The other boy soon showed symptoms of restlessness and ambition, and addressed the sister as follows: "My sister, are we always to live as if there were no other human beings in the world? Must I deprive myself of the pleasures of association with my own kind? I have determined this question for myself. I shall seek the villages of men, and you cannot prevent me."

The sister replied: "I do not say no, my brother, to what you desire. We are not prohibited the society of our fellow-mortals; but we are told to cherish each other, and to do nothing independent of each other. Neither pleasure nor pain ought, therefore, to separate us, especially from our youngest brother, who, being but a child, and weakly withal, is entitled to a double share of our affection. If we follow our separate gratifications, it will surely make us neglect him, whom we are bound by vows, both to our father and mother, to support." The young man received this address in silence. He appeared daily to grow more restiff and moody; and one day, taking his bow and arrows, left the lodge, and never returned.

Affection nerved the sister's arm. She was not so ignorant of the forest arts as to let her brother want. For a long time she administered to his necessities, and supplied a mother's cares. At length, however, she began to be weary of solitude and of her charge. No one came to be a witness of her assiduity, or to let fall a single word in her native language. Years, which added to her strength and capability of directing the affairs of the household, brought with them the irrepressible desire of society, and made solitude irksome. At this point, selfishness gained the ascendency of her heart; for, in meditating a change in her mode of life, she lost sight of her younger brother, and left him to be provided for by contingencies.

One day, after collecting all the provisions she had been able to save for emergencies, after bringing a quantity of wood to the door, she said to her little brother: "My brother, you must not stray from the lodge. I am going to seek our elder brother. I shall be back soon." Then, taking her bundle, she set off in search of habitations. She soon found them, and was so much taken up with the pleasures and amusements of social life, that the thought of her brother was almost entirely obliterated. She accepted proposals of marriage; and, after that, thought still less of her hapless and abandoned relative.

Meantime, her elder brother had also married, and lived on the shores of the same lake, whose ample circuit contained the abandoned lodge of his father and his forsaken brother. The latter was soon brought to the pinching turn of his fate. As soon as he had eaten all the food left by his sister, he was obliged to pick berries and dig up roots. These were finally covered by the snow. Winter came on, with all its rigours. He was obliged to quit the lodge in search of other food. Sometimes he passed the night in the clefts of old trees or caverns, and ate the refuse meals of the wolves. The latter, at last, became his only resource; and he became so fearless of these animals, that he would sit close by them while they devoured their prey. The wolves, on the other hand, became so familiar with his face and form, that they were undisturbed by his approach; and, appearing to sympathize with him in his outcast condition, would always leave something for his repast. In this way he lived till spring. As soon as the lake was free from ice, he followed his new-found friends to the shore. It happened, the same day, that his elder brother was fishing in his canoe, a considerable distance out in the lake,

when he thought he heard the cries of a child on the shore, and wondered how any could exist on so bleak and barren a part of the coast. He listened again attentively, and distinctly heard the cry repeated. He made for shore as quick as possible, and, as he approached land, discovered and recognized his little brother, and heard him singing, in a plaintive voice,

Listen, brother—elder brother!
Now my fate is near its close;
Soon my state shall be another,
Soon shall cease my day of woes.
Left by friends I loved the dearest,
All who knew and loved me most;
Woes the darkest and severest,
Bide me on this barren coast.
Pity; ah, that manly feeling,
Fled from hearts where once it grew,
Now in wolfish forms revealing,
Glows more warmly than in you.
Stony hearts! that saw me languish,
Deaf to all a father said;
Deaf to all a mother's anguish,
All a brother's feelings fled.
Ah, ye wolves, in all your raging,
I have found you kind and true;
More than man—and now I'm changing,
And will soon be one of you.

At the termination of his song, which was drawn out with a peculiar cadence, he howled like a wolf. The elder brother was still more astonished, when, getting near shore, he perceived his poor brother partly transformed into that animal. He immediately leaped on shore, and strove to catch him in his arms, soothingly saying, "My brother, my brother, come to me." But the boy eluded his grasp, crying as he fled, "Necsia, necsia," etc., and howling in the intervals.

The elder brother, conscience-stricken, and feeling his brotherly affection strongly return, with redoubled force exclaimed, in great anguish, "My brother! my brother! my brother!"

But, the nearer he approached, the more rapidly the transformation went on; the boy alternately singing and howling, and calling out the name, first of his brother, and then of his sister, till the change was completely accomplished, when he exclaimed, "I am a wolf!" and bounded out of sight.

[The moral of this tale may be said to rebuke a species of cruelty, which is not peculiar to the tribe from whose traditions it has been obtained. The truth it indicates is impressed upon the minds of the young, to warn them against the perpetration of similar barbarities—barbarities which claim pity even from wild animals.—*New York Mirror.*]

Get something, (advisers say,) such as casting up sums, or copying letters, "to occupy your mind." What a conception of the mind of man, which would grasp the stars in its ambition! I have drudged: my eye, my common sense, has been with the two's and three's, but *my mind, like the dove*, has found no *resting-place on all the earth.*—*Obs.*, by E. W.

DECEMBER.

(*From the Comic Almanack for* 1840.)

DECEMBER should be a cheerful month, weather or no. It should be a warm one, too, though never so cold. People blow their fires, and use their bellows within, while the wind bellows without. Lawyers are glad over *Coke*. Men *take measures* to secure the comfort of their bodies, and preserve the *coats* of their stomachs. Though the Legislature does not sit, the middle classes rejoice in the carrying of *many of their bills*. Pastry-cooks begin to *mince matters;* and "eyes" are turned towards "pies." Politicians affect sincerity; and *Peel, tout sweet*, becomes *candid*. *Gross* acts of plum-puddingizing are effected by means of a *grocer;* and *Plum-tree-street* is then the sweetest locality in St. Giles's. The Irish daily find fresh *raisins* for flocking there. With the sale of plums money gets *current*—but the sovereign is just now more valued than ever, and, at the great theatres, *Stirling* is all the go. The markets grow lively, and Smithfield puts forth its show. Pigs have lots of stuffing, and get so heavy that it is quite common to ask for a *pig of lead*. About oxen and sheep there is a decided *ignis fat-you-us*. Beasts visit beasts, and human fat cattle—to survey the quadrupedal—walk in, *plump*. Butchers display fine *traits*. *Boxing day* arrives, and with it the *knocks* of tradesmen, but they only make a *hit* when they are paid. People are obliged to wait for their own *Nos* till *night*. Merry drinks and games then stir not the fire, but the fire-side. The *younger* branches of families are indulged in wine that is *elder*, universal *suppurage* supplies the place of universal suffrage; and the only ballot is for the bean in the cake. Christmas is as brave a fellow on land as ever Admiral *Winter* was at sea, and should be toasted accordingly. He lights our fires, and leaves few without fuel:—he tows up our colliers to warm our toes; and, though he is too kind to sink the barges, he always *scuttles the coals!* He is no revolutionist, for, whilst warming the *little*, he has a respect for the *grate*. "He is," says the Frenchmen, "our defender, by *de fender;* and if he do seem cold, it is only because he is neither a *bore* nor a *muff*."

Biography.

LIFE OF MOLIERE.

JEAN BAPTISTE POQUELIN, who afterwards assumed the name of Molière, was born at Paris in 1620. His family was very ancient, holding the appointment of upholsterer to the king, which was intended for our author from his infancy. At the age of 14, when the whole of his knowledge comprised reading, writing, and accounts, his grandfather, who was much attached to comedy, took him to the Hotel de Bourgoyne. This contributed to inspire him with a disgust for his condition, and envy for acquiring that instruction in

which he felt himself deficient. At this time the small merchants and dealers did not think science necessary for their children; therefore, our author, concealing with care his inclination for the theatre, pretended he had a project of following the profession of the law, and although this desire appeared rather extravagant to his parents, they permitted him to commence his studies. He accordingly entered the College of Clermont at fifteen, where he had the good fortune not only to find excellent masters, but likewise of having as a companion in the class, Armand de Bourbon, Prince de Conti, whose affectionate protection was useful to him more than once in the sequel. Chapelle, known afterwards for his natural poetical talent, was then at this college, and had as tutor the celebrated Gassendi, who admiring Poquelin's disposition, took pleasure in admitting him to his lectures. He had not quite finished one on philosophy, when Louis XIII. took a journey to Lanquedoc. Poquelin was old and infirm, and, as his son had the reversion of his appointment, nothing could excuse his following the court, which he accordingly did. This journey, as his occupations left him much leisure, furnished him at the same time with matter for observation; he studied the court, and soon began to know the difference between the people of Paris, and the provinces. He returned to Paris with the court, his love for comedy being stronger than ever. The Cardinal Richelieu's passion for dramatic amusements had now communicated itself to the nation; and in every part of the country theatres were being opened.

Poquelin re-united some young folks who had, or at least thought they had, some talent for declamation. This society, which soon eclipsed every other of the kind, was called l'Illustre Théâtre. It was at this time that he first assumed the name of Molière, which had already been borne by a tolerable good actor of the Hotel de Burgoyne, in order doubtless that his family might not be able to reproach him with prostituting their name by mixing it up with a band of itinerant players. Some time afterwards, and when quietness had succeeded the troubles of the *Fronde* *, Molière, at the head of a small company of his own formation, made a tour of the provinces, preluding the wonders of his art by some small comic pieces written by himself in haste, and which were recited after the manner of the Italian farces, and from which they were often imitations. His first regular piece was "L'Etourdi," represented at Lyons in 1653. This piece is much inferior to his *chefs d'œuvre*, but one can discover in it that comic vein, and natural power of dialogue, which in the issue made him so successful.

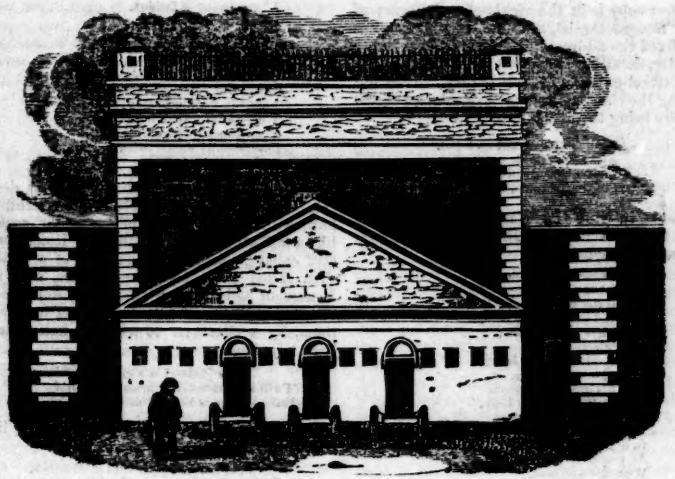
* Fronde, a word used in French to denominate a faction opposed to the court, in which sense it is used here, the Fronde having been previous to this time very troublesome to the court.

There was then another company of comedians at Lyons, which the public promptly abandoned for his, and the principal performers of which joined his company, and remained with him for some time. After a short successful career, the company set out for Lanquedoc, where an assembly of the states was being held. The Prince de Conti held the royal commission, and Molière thought he might without indiscretion recall to him their ancient connexion at College. This connexion had never been entirely broken up, and whilst Molière was engaged at Paris with l'Illustre Théâtre, the prince had often honoured their proceedings with his presence. He now thought himself fortunate in having found, in a distant province, a certain resource against ennui, and he wished Molière to come to Beziers where the states were assembled. An appointment was given him for his company, with the direction of the amusements there. It was here that his second comedy, "Le Depit Amoureux," was first performed, which on the whole is little inferior to his "Etourdi," but there are some scenes in it the most agreeable extant. The prince, pleased with Molière's spirit and zeal, offered to make him his secretary; this he refused; and his patron, nothing offended by his refusal, still continued to him his friendship and protection.

The numerous calls on his attention as manager of a provincial theatre left him but little time for the composition of works of any extent. Before leaving Paris he had established his reputation for Italian scenes, of which he wrote several, which were performed by his own company. They delight us as it were unexpectedly. In fact, this was his principal resource for want of novelty. The titles of three of these farces alone remain, which are "The Amorous Doctor," "The Rival Doctors," and the "Schoolmaster." Boileau, who had seen one of them acted at Paris, when Molière's company performed there, regretted much that it had not been preserved.

Molière, like many men of genius, often deceived himself as to the particular species of composition in which he excelled. He wished to succeed both as author and actor—in the heroic drama and in tragedy; this desire he never forsook, although the attempt which he once made was not such as to encourage him in his efforts of that kind. In his leisure moments he had entered deeply into the subject of the *Thebäide*, and the result was a tragedy performed at Bordeaux, but had no great success. This was the first and only vexation of this kind which he experienced, and he showed himself sensible of it, although the severity of the critics did not convince him that his tragedy was bad. He preserved it with care, but it was never acted again.

(*To be concluded in our next.*)

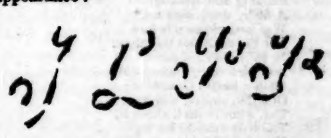


PRISON OF ST. PELAGIE,

THE PLACE OF CONFINEMENT OF JOSEPHINE BEAUHARNOIS.

It was in the year 1793, that the amiable Josephine was dragged by the infuriated and blinded populace to the prison of St. Pelagie, and lodged, solitary and forlorn, in the small, stone-floored apartment, marked No. IV. It was there this extraordinary woman was left to ponder over her probable fate. She had just lost her husband, the Viscount de Beauharnois; he had fallen a victim to the cruel and blood-thirsty revenge of the madmen who then infested the territory of France; separated from her son and daughter, devoid of all comfort, without any earthly prospect of deliverance, well might she think of Anica and her singular prediction. This woman had suckled her, and had flattered her imagination with such dreams of grandeur, surpassing all that is generally enjoyed by mortals, that seldom were they out of her mind. She could now draw from her bosom the hieroglyphics which recorded her lot. "Thou wilt repine, thou wilt suffer;—hope, wait; thou shalt be queen of a great empire!" The first half was fulfilled, what power on earth could bring the second to pass! It is well known, however, by what a strange series of circumstances Fate took delight in leading her from this solitary cell, step by step, to the first throne of the civilized world.

But Josephine did not quit her place of confinement without leaving a memorial behind her,—she traced the initials of her name with a pencil on the wall of her prison, which initials, thanks to a coating of paper, subsequently applied to the wall, and the scrutinizing researches of a celebrated prisoner, Mr. Jouy, who, some twenty years ago, passed his time in looking under the tattered paper for inscriptions, are still preserved. The letters, in their impaired condition, have the following appearance:—



By dint of study, and supplying lines where wanted, the letters J. L. P. B. are very apparent, and form the initials of the illustrious captive's name; *viz.*, "Josephine La Pagérie Beauharnois."

The prison, which was erected in 1665 for the reception of female penitents, was converted into a prison at the commencement of the Revolution. It is now a place of confinement for debtors, and for those who are detained by the police. H. M.

Manners and Customs.

MANNERS OF THE TOWN GALLANTS,

IN THE REIGNS OF

JAMES AND CHARLES THE FIRST.

Smoking in the streets, in the reign of James the First, notwithstanding his Counterblast to Tobacco, appears to have been as prevalent as it is at this day. The editor of the extremely rare edition of Skelton's Tunnyng of Elynour Rummyng, printed at London for Samuel Rand, 1624, 4to.; of which the only known

perfect copy is in the richly-stored library of Mr. George Daniel, of Canonbury-square, has prefixed the address of Skelton's Ghost to the reader, detailing much that is characteristic of the street-gallants of that period. After noticing the cheateries of the tavern-keepers, the bibers being thwarted

> With froth can and nick-pot,
> And such nimble quick-shot,
> That a dozen will score
> For twelve pints, and no more,

he adds, in King Harry's time, when he made this rhyme of Elynour Rummyng, their pots were full quarted—

> Full Winchester gage
> We had in that age;
> The Dutchman's strong beer
> Was not hopp'd over here,
> To us it was unknown;
> Bare ale your own
> In a bowl we might bring,
> To welcome the king,
> And his grace to beseech,
> With "Wassail! my liege."
> Nor did that time know
> To puff and to blow,
> In a pece of white clay,
> As you do at this day,
> With fire and coal,
> And a leaf in a hole,
> Which my ghost hath late seen
> As I walked between
> Westminster Hall
> And the church of St. Paul,
> And so through the City,
> Where I saw, and did pity,
> My countrymen's cases,
> With firey-smoak'd faces,
> Sucking and drinking,
> A filthy weed stinking,* [1]
> Was never known before
> Till the devil and the More,
> In th' Indies did meet,
> And each other there greet;
> With a health they desire
> Of stink, smoak, and fire.
> But, whoe'er doth abhor it,
> The City smoaks for it;
> Now full of fire-shops
> And foul spitting chops,
> So sneezing and coughing
> My ghost fell to scoffing,
> And to myself said—
> Here's filthy fumes made;
> Good physic of force
> To cure a sick horse!
>
> Nor had we such slops,
> And shag-hair on our tops—
> At wearing long hair,
> King Henry would swear,
> And give a command,
> With speed out of hand,
> All heads should be poll'd,
> As well young, as old,
> And his own was first so,† [2]
> Good ensample to show.

* Small thin rolls of tobacco were then used, as well as the little dapper pipe of potter's whitened clay, though not dignified by the modern elegant phraseology of a cheroot, or a cigar. *Ed. M.*

† The decently-trimmed head of King Harry the Eighth, is observed in the side-face portrait of that monarch, on his groats, half groats, and pennies—at present it is becoming very general to wear the hair in long tresses, flowing medusa-like, a meandering course, on the shoulders of those who affect to assimilate themselves to the manners and practice of the philosophers of the German School of Illuminati. *Ed. M.*

> Y' are so out of fashion,
> I know not our nation—
> Your ruffs and your bands,
> Your cuffs at your hands,
> Your pipes and your smoaks,
> Your short curtaile cloaks,
> Scarfs, feathers, and swords,
> And thin bodkin beards;
> Your waists a span long,
> Your knees with points hung,
> Like Morrice-dance bells,
> And many toys else.

Charles the First complied with this description admirably—his early shillings exhibit him, with a monstrous ruff round his neck, like a mill-stone on his shoulders. Ruffs were stiff collars, made in the fashion of a band, then called piccadels or pickadills, and, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Pilgrim*, Act ii. Sc. 2., allusion is made to the practice of wearing them, by a character to whom a halter has been adjudged—

> This [halter] is a coarse wearing;
> 'Twill sit but scurvily upon this collar;
> But patience is as good as a French pickadel.

Ben Jonson, in his *Devil an Ass*, Act ii., Sc. 2., alludes to—

> That truth of pickerdill in clothes,
> To boast a sovereignty o'er ladies.

These ruffs, or pickadils, were frequently of ane normous size; and Drayton, in his *Moon-calf*, cauterises woman, in reference to this object—

> In everything she must be monst'rous,
> Her piccadil above her crown appears;

and, to abate the nuisance, King James being expected on a visit to Cambridge, in 1615, an order against wearing pickadels, or peccadilloes, as they were also called, was issued by the Vice-chancellor, reference to which is perpetuated by Ruggle, in his *Ignoramus*.—

> Leave it, scholar, leave it, and take it not in snuff,
> For he that wears no pickadel, by law may wear a ruff.

Like most popular whimsies, some particular tradesman will enhance a greater eclat than his fellows, a Stultz may be so distinguished among tailors, as to retire with several hundred thousand pounds, and purchase a barony; so fared it with one Higgins, a tailor, who, at this period of peccadillo-mania, had so great a run of business; he builded so many houses in St. James's, that the street, Piccadilly, retains the appellation to this hour. Blount, a writer of the time of Charles II., an observer of the customs of that period, and a person of authority, says—"that famous ordinary near St. James's, called Piccadilly, took denomination from this, that one Higgins, a tailor, who built it, got most of his estate by peccadilloes, which, in the last age, were much in fashion."

The thin bodkin beard of Charles the First, is observable in Briot's pattern, and other shillings of that king, and in the portraits of him by Vandyck. Innumerable pictures, miniatures, and engravings, of persons of that period, also display the general use of silver

and metal tags, designated points, to the vest and slops; the waistcoat and breeches of the gallants of that by-gone time, neither in opinions or manners, again likely to recur. B.

New Books.

The Friends of Fontainbleau. By Hannah D. Burdon. 3 vols. [Saunders and Otley.]

[The present interesting and instructive novel will well sustain the already high reputation of the talented authoress of "The Lost Evidence," and "Seymour of Sudley." The struggles in the sixteenth century, between the French Huguenots, directed by the Prince of Condé and the noble but ill-fated Admiral Coligni, and the Roman Catholic party, headed by the Duke of Guise and his brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, form the main subject of the narrative, which, it will be seen, is thus chiefly of an historical character. The story opens with a *precis* of the state of parties in France, at the accession of Charles the Ninth to the throne, and the appointment to the Regency of his mother, the haughty and ambitious Catherine de Medicis; and ends with the siege of Orleans, and the assassination of the Duke de Guise, which put an end to it. The two Friends of Fontainbleau are, the Count de Clermont, a fictitious personage, the lover of the heroine, Clemence d'Aubigne; and the Sieur de Mere, a Calvinist nobleman, who, driven to fanaticism by injury and persecution, became the assassin of the Duke. The historical portraits in this truly excellent work are strikingly and powerfully drawn, as the following instances will show:—]

The Brothers of Lorraine—the Leaders of the Romish Party.

Francis, Duke of Guise, then just forty years of age, and the Cardinal of Lorraine, six years his junior, bishop of six dioceses, and endowed with innumerable abbeys, were men before whose master-spirits all other authority sunk into insignificance. Both equally ambitious; both equally splendid and profuse; they each possessed those talents and accomplishments most calculated to acquire and maintain pre-eminence in their several professions; and the elder had already gained a reputation in war, by the capture of Metz and Calais, far surpassing that of any captain of his time. He had married the sister of the deceased king, Henry the Second; the parliament honoured him as the saviour of his country; and though it had been deemed dangerous to invest him with the title of viceroy of the kingdom, he needed not the name to endow him with the authority of his sovereign, and commander-in-chief of the armies of France, he held the chains of dominion in his grasp. Haughty and ambitious; sagacious, valorous, and industrious; yet not wanting in that proud courtesy and chivalrous generosity, which belonged more to the preceding age than to that in which he lived, Francis of Lorraine was no favourite of the Queen Regent, who feared the ascendency of a man whose vices and whose virtues were equally audacious and commanding. His brother, the cardinal's, mind was more in affinity with her own, and ultimately proved the means of conciliating these powerful rivals. Like her's, it was deeply embued with the astute policy of the south; where cunning, in default of strength, was studied as an art, both by states and individuals. He had not opened his way to preferment with the sword, but with the pen; he fought not with armies, but with the tongue; and, in eloquence, this wily churchman was rarely surpassed by any of his age or country. The administration of the finances, committed to his charge by Henry the Second, was continued in the reign of his son; and, though strict in exaction, he dispensed both his enormous revenues, and the more scanty riches of the crown, with princely liberality and magnificence. Long, in early life, a resident at the Court of Rome, and high in favour there, it is nevertheless recorded to his honour, that, even when labouring most strenuously to hold firm the yoke of the papal religion above the necks of his countrymen, he resisted to the utmost of his ability every encroachment of the Pope on the ecclesiastical liberties of France. And such conduct is commonly called patriotism, though a man may be blind to every interest of his country, save that of the party to which he belongs.

In public acts and private councils the Guises were equally the enemies of the reformed religion. It was opposed both to their prejudices and their interests. Persons of every age, condition, and sex, accused, or only suspected of having embraced the new opinions, were dragged, by day and night, to hopeless captivity. Whole families fled their country, abandoned their possessions, and even their children, whose weakness might have impeded their flight, and whom to relieve, when thus deserted, would have subjected the compassionate to the judgment of the tribunals, or the vengeance of a fanatical populace, who, more than once, tore the condemned from the hands of the executioner, to aggravate, with consummate barbarity, the tortures of the victims whom they led to the scaffold. None were secure from persecution; cupidity and private hatred adopted the cloak of religion to indulge their fury unrestrained; and the laxity of morals, and the corruption of the laws, afforded slight barriers in defence either of persons or of properties.

The Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligni—the Leaders of the Protestant Party.

The Guises stood forward as the defenders of all established authority, because it assorted with their interests and their characters. The Prince of Condé and the Admiral Coligni were, on the contrary, at the head of the movement party. The former was driven, perhaps somewhat unwillingly, to become the leader of the popular assertors of religious and civil free-

dom, in opposition to the court, by the long and accumulated injustice heaped upon the house of Bourbon by the Princes of Valois. But the latter was a man who seemed born, at that great crisis of human affairs, to be the unshrinking defender of the rights and liberties of his fellow-creatures; to dignify, by his uncompromising virtue, the cause he had adopted, and to animate the champions of truth amidst disasters, defeat, and oppression, by the nobility of his genius, and the calm purity of his unwavering principles. He was, in truth, an original thinker, disdaining subterfuge, and craft, and crime; not receiving from, but giving an impulse to his age; ever making circumstances bend to his mind, but never bowed before them, unconquered by defeat and greatest in misfortune. Long trained in the school of war and of adversity, Gaspard de Coligni was admirably fitted to become the leader of the French Protestants, at a time when the severity of the penal laws, increasing with their numbers, had driven them nearly to despair; and the liberty of private judgment, gradually extending from politics to religion, had taught them to scrutinize the actions of their rulers. So formidable was the position taken up by this distinguished man, and the Prince of Condé, in Paris, although the King of Navarre, the governor of the city, was in the interest of the court, that the Queen Regent, ere long, deemed it expedient to conciliate them by secret negotiations inimical to the interests and authority of the Guises. In truth, though, at the commencement of the reign of Charles the Ninth, the star of the haughty brothers of Lorraine appeared bright in the ascendant, and the oppressed and disaffected were, at first, too weak openly to contend with those who commanded the army, the citadels, dignities, finances, and parliaments; who held the feeble king in slavery, and banished the princes of the blood-royal from his presence, the enemies of these proud men were gradually deriving strength from their resentment, and silently uniting in defence of their liberties, their, rights, and their religion, till the overwhelming force of an outraged people, (a power, of which even the most keen-sighted politicians had previously taken no account,) was ultimately to place its champion and representative, in the person of Henry IV., upon the throne of France.

[We shall probably return to this work.]

Western India in 1838. By Mrs. Postans. [Saunders and Otley.]

[Mrs. Postans is known to the literary world by her truly pleasing work on Cutch. The present work, descriptive of the most important parts of Western India, is very interesting; the principal portion treating on the condition and character of the natives, the progress of education, and the mode of life among the women. From this last-mentioned subject, she gives an account of a most pleasing visit to the wife of the nabob Iunagarh:—]

Surrounded by slave-girls, all chatting merrily together, and some with their infants in their arms, we proceeded through a suite of several apartments, to the Beebee's sitting-room. There was an air of privacy and quietness about this little Mohammedan boudoir particularly inviting; and while its arrangement promised an unusual degree of comfort, a free circulation of air was insured by its height. Numerous windows of wrought stone-work which surrounded it, afforded the fair inmate a charming view of the sacred mount, and the fine minarets of the neighbouring musjids, towering above the majestic trees which skirt the town.

Seated next the Rahit Buckté, I had full opportunity for admiring the taste with which her apartment was adorned. The floor was covered with crimson cloth, over which was tightly strained linen of spotless purity; and the ceiling concealed by a fine white cloth, embroidered with gold stars, the produce of the celebrated looms of Ahmedabad. A rich border, wrought in gold, represented a cornice, to the edge of which was attached a flounce of crimson and green silk. From the corners depended green glass lamps; and on one side of the floor rested a pile of cushions, covered with a Palampore, or coverlid, of Tyrian purple, broidered and fringed with gold. The colours, though so varied, were harmonious, and the combined effect was one of richness, rather than gaudy display. The walls of the apartment, beautifully whitened, were decorated with Chinese paintings, and looking-glasses in gilt frames; while the spaces were occupied with little gold and silver golaubdanis, (rose-water sprinklers,) and enamelled lotahs, suspended in bead nets.

As the Beebee's mehtah or steward was present, a fine, grey-bearded, intelligent-looking man, I ventured to inquire what were her pecuniary resources, as I felt a little anxious on the matter of Mohammedan husband's generosity, and the weighty affair of pin-money.

The Rahit Buckté most unreservedly explained, that, on her marriage, the Nuwaub had bestowed on her a gras, or estate, consisting of eight villages, which she farms on her own account. The chief produce consisted of mangoes, but the value of the villages varied; the whole seemed to average about three hundred rupees, or thirty pounds a month.

The Rahit Buckté proved herself, during our conversation, to be a good woman of business, quite *au fait* on the subject of grain, ploughs, mangoe-trees, &c., from which her revenue is derived; large ledgers, written in the Guzzeratee character, were produced, and particular pages readily referred to, in explanation of the subject.

* * * * * * *

The Beebee chattered a great deal, and made many inquiries into our customs of marriage, baptism, and dress. Her great curiosity,

however, seemed to be awakened on the peculiarity of our owning the rule of a female sovereign; and she desired to know whether our queen's power was great; whether she sat supreme upon the gaddee or throne of England; whether she rode on horseback, as I assured her was customary amongst English women; and whether her majesty showed herself in open durbar amongst the men. She seemed a little incredulous when I told her the power of our queen far exceeded that of Alia Bhye, and that she was more learned, more beautiful, and more wise than the celebrated Noor Jehan. The Rahit Buckté then inquired what jewels our great Rance wore. And when I described the countless diamonds which adorn the royal crown and stomacher, the Beebee, the slave girls, and the grey-bearded metah, all, with one impulse, lifted up their hands, exclaiming, "Allah Kureem! rast ust!" (God is merciful! but *can* this be?) The Beebee's surprise subsiding, she insisted upon writing the queen's name in the fly-leaf of her Koran; but the Guzzeratee language not possessing the necessary V, a *W* became the acting capital, and our royal lady's name most grievously transformed.

The Rahit Buckté accompanied me to the apartments of the languid, but pretty Dosie Beebee. It is well arranged that the wives of the Nuwaub have all separate apartments; which prevents domestic bickering, and the exhibition of many of those little arts, practiced by ladies whose leisure affords them abundant time to become proficient in the science of ingeniously tormenting. Here the fair rivals never meet, or even hear of each other, unless from the prattling of slaves. I asked the Rahit Buckté, on our way to the Dosie Beebee's apartments, whether she liked, or was intimate with any of the other ladies; but she said "No; they were too idle and illiterate to be agreeable friends."

[We cannot refrain quoting a delightful scene, it being purely Oriental.]

Sheik Mahmoud having informed us of the readiness of the escort to accompany us to our fête champêtre in the royal garden, we descended to the court-yard; the Rahit Buckté, the Dosie Beebee, and Dada Bhoe, all scuffling along, as rapidly as the prospect of an agreeable visit could induce them to do, despite the inconvenience of toe-rings, anklets, and high-heeled slippers. Awaiting us was [were] a rutt and a gaily painted palankeen. Dada Bhoe, with her infant, occupied the palkee; and the Beebees, with Bhawamere, took possession of the rutt, bestowing themselves upon piles of cushions. The rutt is a small description of cart, without springs, commonly used by native women in travelling. The Beebee's, however, was an unusually splendid equipage. Its covering was of crimson cloth, embroidered in white silk. The bullocks, pure white, and of the gigantic Guzzerat breed, were in the highest order; and the already enormous horns of each lengthened by silver tips, from which depended bunches of silver bells. Silver peacocks surmounted their broad foreheads, and their bridles were bossed with plates of the same metal; each leg was surrounded by a bangle of silver bells, and large sheets of crimson satin, embroidered with gold, covered them from the shoulders to the tail, and descended nearly to the ground. All this splendour was admirable to behold; but I did not envy the curtained occupants of the rutt, as I saw its springless frame jolted over the huge stones lying across the road, whilst I reclined commodiously in my little travelling palankeen, borne rapidly along by the hummalls or bhoies of the Nuwaub.

ST. MARK'S LIBRARY AT VENICE.

(*From Valery's Travels in Italy.*)

THE hall of the Great Council has received St. Mark's Library: these books are, I believe, the most magnificently lodged of any in the world; but the grandeur and beauty of the paintings which surround them, and the antique statues placed in the middle of their apartment, throw them into the shade, and they have only the appearance of accessories. The library of St. Mark counts sixty-five thousand volumes, and about five thousand manuscripts. Petrarch really *laid its first foundations*, as he expresses himself in a letter respecting the donation of manuscripts that he sent to Venice; it was a noble acknowledgment for the hospitality he had found there during the plague. Only a very small number of the manuscripts proceeding from Petrarch's stock are now in St. Mark's; it is said that they remained forgotten in a small room near the bronze horses, where they were spoiled. But the learned librarian of St. Mark, Morelli, has demonstrated that the Venetians did not deserve Ginguené's reproach of having suffered Petrarch's library to perish; he had only given some few works; at his death, twelve years after the donation, Petrarch did in reality leave a very precious library, but it was dispersed, as is evident from the manuscripts preserved in the Vatican, the Laurentian, the Ambrosian, the Bibliothèque du Roi, and not one ever reached Venice. The man whose literary liberality still lives and shines at St. Mark's among so many noble donors, such as the Gramini and Contarini, is Bessarion. * * The library of St. Mark possesses many unpublished manuscripts of Bessarion, and his master Gemistus Plethon, the father of Platonism in Europe, a whimsical character, whose Greek, in the opinion of the learned, is dry, abrupt, and vulgar; nor did he speak so elegantly as in the Lascaris of M. Villemain. Gemistus Plethon, as well as his pupil, repaired to Italy for the council of Florence, the real epoch of the literary and philosophic emigration of the Greeks into Italy, and not, as generally supposed, the

taking of Constantinople, which only sent thither grammarians and rhetoricians. The two beautiful Arabic manuscripts on silk paper presented by Bessarion, of which the Venetians were so proud, have not re-appeared at St. Mark's, nor the precious Bible called *La Magontina*, now recognized as of 1456, and which is believed to have issued from the presses of Guttenberg. When retaken from France in 1815, they were not restored to their real owners."

GENEROSITY AND FRIENDSHIP.

The following anecdote is extracted from a collection of Arabian verses, entitled *Tograïd*. One day, in the temple of Mecca, a number of Arabs were disputing on generosity and friendship, but they could not agree as to whom set the greatest examples of these virtues, and by that means deserved the preference. Some were for Abdallah, son of Giafar, uncle to Mahomet; some for Kaïs, son of Saad; and others for Arabad, of the tribe of As. After a long dispute, they agreed to send a friend of Abdallah, to Abdallah; a friend of Kaïs, to Kaïs; and a friend of Arabad, to Arabad; to try them all three, after which they were to return and make their report to the assembly.

Then the friend of Abdallah went and said unto him, "Son of the uncle of Mahomet, I am on a journey, and am destitute of everything." Abdallah was mounted on his camel, which was loaded with gold and silk; he dismounted with all speed, gave him his camel, and returned home on foot. The second went to make application to his friend Kaïs, son of Saad. Kaïs being asleep, one of his domestics asked the traveller what he wanted. The traveller answered, that he was the friend of Kaïs, and needed his assistance. The domestic said unto him, "I will not wake my master, but here are seven thousand pieces of gold, which is all that we have at present in the house: take also a camel from the stable, and a slave; these will, I think, be sufficient for you until you reach your own house." When Kaïs awoke, he chid the domestic for not having given more. The third repaired to his friend Arabad, of the tribe of As. Arabad, who was blind, was coming out of his house, leaning on two slaves, going to pray to God, in the temple of Mecca. As soon as he heard his friend's voice, he said unto him, "I possess nothing but my two slaves; I beg that you will take and sell them; I will go to the temple, as well as I can, with my stick."

The three Arabs having returned to the assembly, and faithfully related what had happened to each, many praises were bestowed upon Abdallah, son of Giafar; on Kaïs, son of Saad; and on Arabad, of the tribe of As: but the preference was given to Arabad.

W. G. C.

MANUSCRIPTS OF AUTHORS.

The original manuscripts of the *Waverley Novels* are preserved in the most admirable manner by their present owner, Mr. Cadell, the publisher, Edinburgh. Such care is, unfortunately, but seldom evinced in similar cases. The trunk-maker has benefited largely by the labours of genius, both written and printed. Once engulphed in the printing-office, the author's "copy" rarely emerges into daylight to enrich collectors; but is committed to the vile uses of that "dim spot," or is smuggled off to to the huxter and shop-keeper.

"Another year another race supplies,
They fall successive, and successive rise."

The plays of Shakspeare were undoubtedly printed from the author's manuscript; for the editors of the first folio, Hemming and Condell, state, that they rarely met with a blot or correction; yet all we have now of Shakspeare's hand-writing is his signature to his will, (preserved in Doctor's Commons), and his autograph, in a copy of Montaigne, which was sold lately for a hundred guineas! The "Faery Queen" of Spencer, lives only in print; the *Paradise Lost*, (which, from the blindness of the great poet, must have engaged a succession of different hands) has shared the same fate. Some of Milton's early manuscripts, however, are at present in Trinity College Library, Cambridge, (we remember once walking sixteen miles to see them), and amongst the rest is the first draft of "Comus," which exhibits numerous corrections and interlineations. Milton wrote a distinct and open hand. There was no trifling about him in anything. The Earl of Dorset is said to possess some letters of Dryden, but of a nature unfit for publication. Part of Pope's manuscripts are in the British Museum, evincing the truth of Swift's sarcastic allusion, "paper-sparing Pope," for his poetry was chiefly written on backs of letters and waste leaves of books. The hand-writing of Addison must be sought for amongst state papers—the *Spectators* have disappeared. The private letters of *Junius* to his publisher, Mr. Woodfall, are still in the possession of the latter's family; the hand-writing is neat, stiff, and upright—evidently feigned for concealment. Some specimens of Thomson's hand-writing—stray letters and autographs—exist in Culloden House, near this town, and others are in the possession of Mr. David Laing, Edinburgh; but the valuable part which might illustrate the poet's habits of composition, his improved taste, and regard for his fame, have vanished. Goldsmith's manuscripts are eagerly sought after by autograph collectors, (a numerous race), but they are extremely rare. A leaf or two of the *Deserted Village*, (which is said to have been written and re-written a score of times, the poet considering six lines a good day's work,) would be a curiosity. Johnson's sign-manual is found affixed to short letters only; he was too lazy to write except when

spurred on by the printer, and his manuscripts have experienced the usual fate of a printing-office. Gibbon, the historian, boasted, in his lofty style, that in writing his "*Decline and Fall*," he had achieved what had seldom occurred in the composition of six quartos; his first rough manuscript, without any intermediate copy, had been sent to the press, and not a sheet had been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and printer. We suspect the whole has now disappeared, though a great number of his letters and miscellaneous manuscripts exist. In later times, we find a better taste begin to prevail; the stream of time, as we descend its course, throws numerous wrecks a-shore. Cowper has been preserved almost entire on homely foolscap paper, the sheets carefully stitched together by the hands of faithful Mrs. Unwin. Murray, the publisher, has Byron and Crabbe *ad longum*. Scott, as we have said, is intact. The first printer of Burns, though a poor provincial typographist, seems to have been careful himself, or the cause of care in others; for the poet's manuscripts, with all the printer's marks, as to placing capitals, &c., on the margin, are now in the keeping of a literary society in Irvine. In rummaging a printer's drawer in Edinburgh, some years since, the manuscripts of the famous critique in the *Edinburgh Review*, on Lord Byron's "Hours of Idleness," was turned up, and the author of that merciless flagellation discovered to be Henry Brougham. We heard a lady once say, that she found out that Professor Wilson wrote the *Noctes in Blackwood's Magazine*, from getting part of the manuscript wrapt round some groceries—the ancient fate of the poets! A carpenter, working in Abbotsford, found a proof-sheet of *Rob Roy* on the floor one morning; it had all Scott's corrections, and of course revealed the secret of the authorship, but the man had a literary taste, and, what is much better, an honest mind, and he kept the secret.

We leave the living geniuses to look after their hand-writing as well as their laurels! Few of them will experience the fate of Tacitus or Livy, to have their manuscripts effaced, that the ground-work may serve for Psalters and Prayer Books, traced by the hands of monks and friars; yet as posterity would not willingly let die any memorials of a great author, we hope our brethren of the press, and the publishers who direct them, may keep a wary eye on all valuable original manuscripts. *(Inverness Courier.)*

Arts and Sciences.

IMPROVEMENT IN PADDLE-WHEELS.

A few days past Sir John Rennie, accompanied by a few scientific friends, went through a series of interesting experiments in the West India Docks, for the purpose of testing the capabilities of a new form of propeller. In this locomotive age, any invention, tending to the improvement of our means and facilities of inter-communication, must necessarily claim a lively and general interest.

The present propeller is an important modification of the old paddle, being an ingenious application of a most simple and beautiful principle in nature, and one generally prevailing, where the propulsion of the individual is her object; viz., that of the Rhomboidal figure. Hence we may perceive, that the tails of fish, the feet of aquatic fowls, and the wings of birds, generally partake, more or less, of this character; for, as was justly observed by the talented inventor, (Mr. Rennie,) nature never attains her ends but by the best and most efficacious means; and, certainly, if any additional argument were required to establish the fact of, "Whatever is is right," when applied to her operations, it would be in the complete success of the experiments. The mode by which the propelling power is conveyed to the vessel, is not dissimilar to the old wheel, the improvement being principally in the arrangement and form of the floats, which are not very unlike the canoe paddles used by many of the South Sea Islanders. By the way, it is worthy of note, as a singular and remarkable feature in the genius of savage life generally, that felicitous adaptation to its own uses of the wise economy with which nature invariably operates her purposes.

The more obvious advantages derived from the present invention, consists in a reduction of more than one-half in the breadth of the paddle-wheel and boxes; consequently, the same amount in the superficial area of the floats, with, at the same time, an increase of effective power; which, differently from the common method, act with their length vertically, thereby giving so much additional compactness to the whole: a vast improvement, it must be admitted, in the efficiency of vessels subject to the roll and action of a heavy sea. The other, and more practical advantages, are in the smoothness of the motion, creating little or no agitation in the wake of the vessel, a desideratum in river or other confined navigation, the facility of suiting the immersion to the variable draught of the vessel; above all, the perfect equalization of the power to the effect in every portion of the float. We understand that the plan, theoretically, has met with the approbation of Professor Barlow, and other scientific men. The experiment was tried upon a beautiful little vessel, and in a succession of trips made during the course of the afternoon, up and down the spacious area of the import dock, it was particularly remarked the ease with which she turned and threaded her way among the numerous craft lying in the basin. The gentlemen present, among whom was Captain Austin, R.N., expressed themselves in the highest terms upon the satisfactory result of the experiment, being, from the peculiar simplicity of the construction, admirably adapted for war and sea-going steamers. The patentees, we believe, intend shortly applying the principle upon a more extended scale.

THE LARGEST SHIP IN THE WORLD.

DIMENSIONS and powers of *The President Steam Ship*:—

	Ft.	In.
Length (extreme)	268	0
Ditto for measurement	230	0
Ditto, of keel	220	0
Breadth	42	0
Ditto, including paddle-boxes	64	0
Depth in the hold, midships	23	6
Height of upper deck	7	6
Diameter of paddle-wheel	21	0
Draught of water with cargo	17	0
Burden in tons (old measurement)	1,921 57-94	
Weight of engine, boiler, &c.	500 tons.	
Power of engine	600 horse.	

Thus, it appears, that *The President* is 126 tons larger, and has 100 horse power more, than *The British Queen*.

The Gatherer.

FROM official documents it appears, that the number of bodies buried in the metropolis,

From 1741 to 1765 inclusive, were	588,523
1766 — 1792	605,832
1793 — 1813	402,595
1814 — 1837	508,162
	2,105,112

Stuart, in his "America," says, "Wine-glasses are placed on the table in lieu of egg-cups. On inquiry, we learnt from the waiter, that this is the universal custom, and that the Americans never eat an egg direct from the shell, but pour the contents into a glass, in which they mix it up with salt before tasting it." H. M.

To Destroy the Worms on Lawns.—Roll the lawn twice, then water it with lime-water of the following strength:—One pint of unslaked lime to ten gallons of water; two dressings of this liquid will quite destroy them, without injury to the grass. If you wish to bring the worms to the surface, water the grass with the following solution:—A quarter of an ounce of corrosive sublimate to three gallons of water; this will bring every worm to the surface without destroying the grass.

A new system of sweeping the streets, by means of a machine, has been tried at Paris, and the experiment is said to have succeeded.

Contrast in Rents.—A large manufacturer, looking back over his leases, found that land of his, entirely agricultural, which 79 years since paid 12*s.*, now pays 14*l.* Lord Howick states, that rents have risen, within 60 years, 400 per cent.—*Bradford Observer.*

Antiquities.—In digging under the foundation of an old house in Catherine-street, Exeter, twelve old flat bottles, or flagons, evidently of the period of the 15th century, several small vessels of earthenware, a curious cup or tankard, and the seal of the Courtenay family, were discovered. This seal, of very large dimension, bears conjointly the arms of Courtenay and Talbot, with the legend—*Sigillum Annæ Courtenay, Comitissæ Devoniæ*; the lady who owned it, the wife of the 4th Earl of Devon, died about 1440.—*Bristol Mercury.*

Revenues from Mines in Spain.—It appears from the budget for 1839, that the expected returns of the Almaden mines are 24,093,600 reals, (240,936*l.*;) of the other mines, 2,919,496 reals, (29,194*l.*;) of mints, 2,111,930 reals, (21,118*l.*;) of the monopoly of salt, 43,605,162 reals, (436,051*l.*;) of the monopoly of nitre, sulphur, gunpowder, &c., 1,000,000 reals, (10,000*l.*;) forming a total revenue, derived from this source, of 737,302*l.*; a strong proof of the riches of Spain, even in her present degraded state. The charges stated are, for the quicksilver mines, 7,064,433 reals, (70,644*l.*;) and for the mint, 1,632,292 reals, (16,329*l.*;) or about 100,000*l.*—*Railway Magazine.*

Linen, which is the staple manufacture of Ireland, was first made in England in the year 1253, and was only worn by the luxurious; the generality of persons wore woollen shirts.

Moralists have said, that no man ought to be congratulated till he is in his coffin. The *Mechanics' Magazine* states, in the biography of Mr. James, the projector of the railway system, that he was, in 1812, worth 150,000*l.*, and lived to lose it all.

A rare Bird.—On Saturday last, while a gentleman was enjoying the sports of the field, about seven miles from Glasgow, he brought down, among other game, a snow-white cock pheasant. The bird is prized as a curiosity.

The way to make a Coat last long.—At a late Dublin sessions, a fellow named Campbell was tried for picking pockets at the railway station, Westland-row. A constable swore that he took from the prisoner's neck a handkerchief which he suspected to have been stolen. Campbell called a pawnbroker's clerk to prove that the handkerchief was his own; and it appeared that the article, as well as the prisoner's coat, had been pawned every Monday, *for the last seventeen years!* The interest paid on both, during that period, was 25*l.* 15*s.* 8*d.*

With the present Number,

A SUPPLEMENT,

Containing the

Spirit of the Annuals for 1840.

With a Portrait and Memoir of

PRINCE ALBERT.

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